

soon we'll be found

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Summary: North searches across the globe for the next three Guardians of Change, Courage and Creativity.

-â€"jack/rapunzel/hiccup/merida

1. Chapter 1

turn away, it's just there's nothing left here to say
>turn around, I know we're lost but soon we'll be found

- sia

* * *

><p>Rapunzel is the first to be located.<p>

She's painting with Pascal on her shoulder going about with her day when she hears the bangs of kettles a floor below. Panic bubbles like acid in her stomach. She was alone in the tower. Did somebody know about this and was about to strike?

She spins around from her painting, securing Pascal on her shoulder and tip-toes downstairs.

She grabs a random frying pan that fell on the floor, gripping it tightly. A large figure is in the shadows, and she realizes, if _it_ knows she's there, than there's no point in even hiding. She steps out of the shadows, catching glimpse of what appears to be a huge man with a white beard and a red coat.

She holds the frying pan threateningly. "_How_ did you find me?"

The man looks at her, hands raised in surrender.

"We need your help."

* * *

><p>Hiccup doesn't do much on Saturdays. He rides Toothless up in the clouds just like any other day, sketches a bit. Reads. Nothing particularly special.<p>

And the last thing he expects is to have a gigantic stranger (not nearly as big as Stoick The Vast, mind you) arrive in his bedroom, grinning ear to ear.

"There he is!" the stranger bellowed in a thick accent.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows, "Uh-" he stuttered. "Wha-"

"Eh, no time for that, but rumour has it that you are the boy with the dragon, yes? Where is your pet?"

Hiccup stood up from his desk, brows furrowed suspiciously. Was this guy looking for parts? Was there some sort of black market going on that he had no idea about? And what in the name of Odin was up with that _accent_?

"No deal. He's not for sale." Hiccup replied firmly, crossing his arms and bolting up from his desk chair.

The stranger raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Vat are you talking about?" He looked at his watch. "Alright, time to go."

"Go whe-" But he can't finish his sentence, because the next thing he knows is he's being grabbed by the scruff of his neck.

* * *

><p>The pounding hoofbeats beneath Merida are not fast enough to assuage her annoyance, and she urges Angus faster still. He blows out hard, his black mane flying up into her face as she bends low over his neck, no saddle or bridle restricting his movements.<p>

_Run, _she wills him, the images of her mother's fiery eyes drilling into her flashing through her mind and making her whole body shake in rage. Angus slips slightly, and she just saves herself in time from pitching over his shoulder by grabbing his mane. She urges him into a gallop again, and he groans in response as she pressures him faster and faster.

She looks past her shoulder only once, to check that she isn't being followed by her father's guards.

A mighty bang in the distance shakes the very roots of the trees around her, and Angus jumps nimbly around a falling branch. They plunge wildly through the woodland until they reach the stone pillars that are cast in a circle and Angus baulks, rearing up, refusing to go a pace closer to the stones. She slips quickly from his back, hitching up her green skirts and sprinting out into the circle.

Her quick eyes spot the source of the loud noise. A huge man with a white beard appears from the shadows, cheeks flushed and grinning.

She grabs her bow on instinct. "Come any closer, and I swear I'll shoot."

He throws a snowglobe in the air and catches it again. "Princess Merida, an honour it is."

"Yeh, yeh. Cut to the chase." She rolls her eyes.

"The woods are not safe, come with me and-"

"Oh, no way am I going with ye! I know these woods like the back of meh hand and I know that they're filled with creeps like yo-"

He interrupted her with a voice that made even a hothead like Merida stop talking. "Guess I'll have to take you by force then."

And then she's being sucked through something and snow is in her eyes and everything is fuzzy and then, darkness.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: The explanation of how the Guardians of Creativity, Change and Courage were found. I hope North wasn't too creepy.

Please review! I really wanna hear what you guys have to say!

2. Chapter 2

Jack is three hundred and eighteen when he's forced to cooperate with complete strangers.

"I have a feeling that we will be seeing Pitch again very soon. And that is why, Man in Moon has chosen three new guardians." North informed him, wiping away the cookie crumbs that had fallen in his beard.

"_What?_"

"Man in Moon has chosen three new guar-"

"I heard you, North!" Jack snapped, growing agitated. "But, we don't know anything about them! How do we know they can defeat someone like Pitch?"

North swallowed his cookie and gave Jack a pointed look. "If Manny chose them, he must believe they are strong enough."

* * *

><p>Jack is three hundred eighteen and a quarter when he realizes how absolutely frustrating, stubborn, and childish those strangers are.<p>

"You're holding the bow all wrong! Bring the arrow to your chin, elbow back." Merida spoke loudly, with a wary tone in her voice.

Hiccup sighed, frustrated. "I'm never gonna get this! Toothless is my weapon, the bow is yours. Can't we just stick to our own stuff?"

Merida narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms. "You have to know how to fight with more than one tool if you're going to fight anything." She grunted loudly, and went to sit on the edge of the sofa of their current home in Corona. "Oh, what's the use? How were we even chosen? Especially with the defenseless damsel in distress and a puny Viking who can barely lift a real axe!"

"Damsel in distress?" Rapunzel appeared, brows furrowed and holding her 'weapon'. "Tell that to my frying pan."

Merida gave her a look. "Need I say more about your so-called weapon? It's a cooking tool, blondie. A bloody cooking tool. Find yourself a real weapon."

"Hey!" Jack interrupted, defensively. "I think it's cool."

Merida rolled her eyes and scoffed. "You would, wouldn't ya? Shut your mouth, Jack. The flies are gonna get in."

* * *

><p>Author's Note: So, I saw how many of you wanted an update and I decided to make one. ^.^ It's really short, so I'm sorry about that. I have no idea where this is going. But who knows? Maybe it could turn out to be a full-out chapter story. That would be uber-cool.

As always, review! It means so much! :*

End
file.